

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

"The Fog"

By LOUISE OLIVER.
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A N EASY wind was blowing when the Bardsleys awoke on Monday morning. Also they had, had a few friends in to a late supper Sunday night at which Mrs. Bardsley had conducted one of her famous rabbits. It was rich and cheery, and Mr. Bardsley had had two servings in spite of the doctor's orders about a light diet.

So, of course, when Mrs. Bardsley asked him at the breakfast table for an increase in her weekly allowance, it was not curious that her husband should growl out an unfeeling refusal, adding that there was one other sure thing besides taxation and death, and that was a woman's inability to be satisfied.

Now, Mrs. Bardsley had felt her request so justified since Katie had automatically added a dollar a week to her own wages, the laundryman, unashamedly charged her twice as much for her husband's shirts, and every one from the garbage man to the gas company was politely and delicately picking up her pocket, that instead of weekly and miserably crying about his refusal she became angry—in fact, she got mad clear through for the first time almost since their marriage.

"Look here, Thomas!" she said, crisply, biting off each word with a snap that made her husband jump. "Will you tell me why you married me?"

"I give up," he retorted. "Phonographs are cheaper and they occasionally say something pleasant."

"If you can't give me enough to live in peace and comfort without having to worry my head off all the time about money?" she finished, ignoring his interruption.

"Well, Lord knows I'm not made of money. I've had to dig down in my jeans for so many things lately I'm nearly strangled all the time. If you tried you could manage differently."

"How?"

"That's up to you. I'd let Katie go."

"And do my own work?"

"Wouldn't it kill you, would it?"

"Thomas Bardsley, I never did a day's work in my life!"

"Then it's time you were benefitting by my admirable example and beginning."

Mrs. Bardsley rose from the table with eyes flashing dangerously. "Very well, Thomas, I'll do my own work, but that doesn't include anybody else, remember. Where shall I send your things—to the club or a hotel, or would you prefer to go back to your mother's?"

"Oh read them to the devil," thundered Mr. Bardsley, jumping for his hat and rushing for the door.

"I will," called Mrs. Bardsley after him. "I just wanted to know his address."

Mr. Bardsley preceded to his office, the east wind and shivers of Welsh bits following. Things went wrong all day. His stenographer irritated him beyond endurance by refusing to be a mind reader and understanding what he meant to say instead of what he did say when she took dictation.

The typewriter seemed to tap incessantly on raw nerve ends, and every time the telephone rang he jumped as though a shell had hit him. The east wind had brought more trouble in its wake also, besides irritated nerves and domestic discord. Since ten o'clock the air had thickened and condensed until, mixed with the smoke from mills and furnaces, a heavy, impenetrable fog, first cousin to a regular Londoner, had settled down over the city. It penetrated buildings, hallways and offices until Mr. Bardsley could scarcely see his own desk.

The result of eye strain, nerve strain, and indigestion produced slowly but surely the worst headache Mr. Bardsley had ever had in his life. He stood it until four o'clock, then resolved to pull up stakes for home. If there was one thing Lillian knew how to do it was to cure a headache. She was a born nurse. As he locked up his desk and gave a few curt directions for the next day, visions of hot water bottles, cold cloths with ice, a quiet darkened room and a certain specific of which his wife knew the secret, floated before his eyes. Then later a hot, delicious broth, and Lillian's soothing, quiet voice receding the evening papers.

Out on the street he groped his way to the curb to call a taxi cab. He was surprised at the density of the fog. He could hear people quite near walking and talking, but could see no one.

Then he discovered that no taxis were running. Of course, nothing on wheels would venture out in that black destruction through which no light could penetrate more than a foot or two ahead.

In some remarkable way he got to a subway station, and finally, after a few minutes, reached his own station and street, and proceeded as before to feel his way blindly to his own house.

He hung to familiar iron railings, followed walls and groped along ledges until at last he felt the rough bricks of his own house. Blindly he stumbled up the steps, turned the key in the lock and pushed open the front door.

A hollow void suddenly seemed to start up at his fairly strike him in the face. Ah! the fog had penetrated inside. He could still see clearly enough to know that the hall and adjoining rooms were empty. Carpets, hangings, furniture and all were gone. His own breath sounded like thunder in that vast, empty solitude, and his footsteps like the explosion of artillery. He shivered miserably. It dawned on him by degrees that Lillian had meant what she said when she asked where to send his things. She certainly had lost no time. Then he went to his club.

All day long Mrs. Bardsley had tried to keep up the white fires of her indignation, but felt miserably as the afternoon wore on. She had a presentiment that Thomas would come home with one of his headaches. Two servings of rabbit always did it. Poor man! Away off working his head off in an old stuffy office on such a day with a headache. When she had a

MAKES A LOVE GAME



By BETTY BROWN.

Athletic sports for women mean "good form" in more than one sense. It is smart to be a good sportswoman, and beneficial to the figure. Every summer resort, every town, and many country homes, include tennis courts as attractions and pretty girls in pretty sport clothes furnish the real attraction. While costumes, with brilliant sweaters and handbags are the word for tennis. The costume illustrated by Fashion Art shows a skirt of white tulle, a new touch in the tucked belt and pocket, worn with a very short sleeved blouse of white Japanese silk and a breezy tie. Smart little hats all of bright hued grain ribbon, are the newest thing for sport wear.

French and English women declare white gloves taboo. They are no longer worn for street or dress. Brown, beige, and gray gloves take their place and washable gloves are the favorites. Evening gloves have disappeared altogether.

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happy family, no doubt, as his had once been.

He pounced, his head on a level with the window. He could not resist a look within. There, at the same table, beneath the same old light, in the same old chair, sat Lillian sewing.

"Of course, it was the fog, dear," remarked Mrs. Bardsley later when, her head still on Mr. Bardsley's shoulder, they were trying to piece together their Chinese puzzle of experience.

"You must have passed our house and gone to the Smiths. They moved out several weeks ago. I told you, but you'd forgotten."

It all goes to show that rabbits are

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By arrangement with the International Harvester company The West Virginian has secured a supply of books on gardening prepared by the experts of that great corporation's extension department. These books tell how to start a garden, how to cultivate and care for it, how to kill the insect pests and how to meet every one of the difficulties that occur during the growing season, and at the end how to gather and store the produce. And throughout the instructions are made simple and easy to understand by many illustrations and diagrams. These books will be an invaluable aid to all gardeners, even the most experienced, and they will be a veritable life saver to the beginners. They will be especially useful in connection with the gardening articles printed each day in The West Virginian. Prepared and sold in the ordinary way these little books would cost at least 50 cents. But the West Virginian secured them at the manufacturing cost and while they will be given free to each person upon presentation of the attached coupon properly filled out:

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Waists

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\$1.89

Trimmed

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Waists

At

\$2.45

Trimmed

Hats

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\$5.98 to \$7.50

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\$1.00

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Our boys are showing remarkable proficiency in hurling hand-grenades or bombs. From earliest infancy our boys learn well to "throw ball," and this stands them in good stead in "throwing back" the Hun. The explosion takes place quickly, scattering pain and destruction—just like an uric acid explosion within the body. One day a man's all "O. K."—next morning when he tries to get out of bed—Oh, such pain! Pain in the back (lumbago) or hips, shoulders, arms, legs or feet (rheumatism or gout). This rheumatism is the result of an uric acid explosion within, probably following excessive use of meat—or beer—

over-exertion and over-heating. Swollen hands, ankles and feet are due to a dropsical condition, often caused by disordered kidneys. Naturally when the kidneys are deranged the blood is filled with poisonous uric acid, which settles in the tissues of the feet, ankles, wrists or hands as uric acid salts; or under the eyes in bag-like formations.

It is just as necessary to keep the kidneys acting properly as to keep the bowels active to rid the body of poisons.

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